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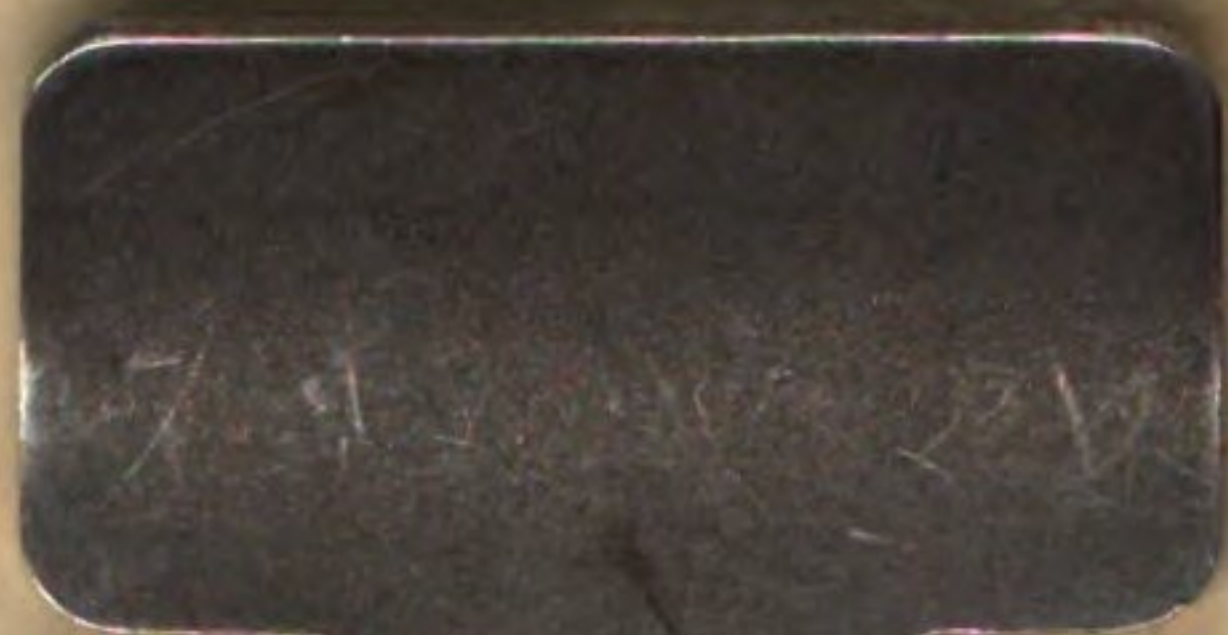
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Shakspeare

MACBETH



MACBETH



SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

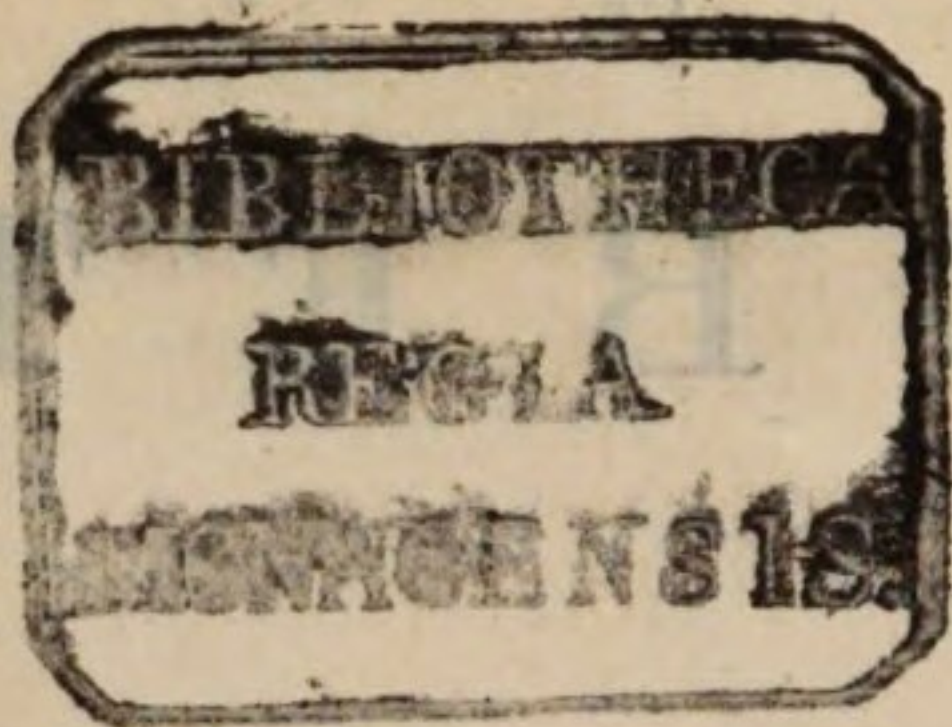
WITH EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES;
SELECTED CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY; AND NUMEROUS EXTRACTS FROM
THE HISTORY ON WHICH THE PLAY IS FOUNDED.

*Adapted for Scholastic or Private Study, and for those qualifying for University
and Government Examinations.*

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INTRODUCTION

TO

SHAKSPEARE'S 'MACBETH.'

THE TRAGEDY of *Macbeth* was entered in the Stationers' Registers immediately previous to the publication of the folio collection of 1623, and, therefore, probably had not been published before it appeared in that collection. That it had been composed, however, at least thirteen years earlier than the above date, has been ascertained from the interesting diary of Dr. Forman, which contains a detailed account of the play as he saw it acted at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610. But that it was not then a new play seems probable enough; for Shakspeare in making Macbeth say—

'Some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry'—

obviously intended a reference to the union, in 1604, of the three kingdoms under James I., as a supposed descendant of Banquo; * and it is most likely that this reference was suggested to the poet when the union was of very recent date. Malone assigns the composition of this tragedy to the year 1606, chiefly on the following grounds. The Porter in his soliloquy makes supposition of 'a farmer who hanged himself on the expectation of plenty,' and of 'an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale : ' the former of these thoughts Malone supposes to have been suggested by the great plenty and cheap-

* Banquo and Fleance have no place in authentic history.

ness of corn in 1606; while in the latter he sees 'a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason on the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable perjury.' Knight considers these proofs to be 'entirely frivolous and unsatisfactory,'—a criticism with which we do not agree. Still, we cannot accept Malone's proofs as of themselves settling the chronology of the play. It is when they are considered along with the reference to the union of the three kingdoms under James, that we have sufficient warrant for the supposition that the play was produced in 1606, or very shortly afterwards.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland* supplied Shakspeare with most of the incidents in this tragedy. The poet, however, conscious that the legendary narrative which the chronicler gives of a remote and semi-barbarous time, was no proper foundation for an *historical* play, has made free with the story of Macbeth as if it were fabulous, and has conformed to the chronicle, or deviated from it, as best suited his ideal of character, and tended to the development of dramatic power.

'Better authorities than Holinshed had access to,' as Mr. Knight observes, 'have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies, after a battle in which Duncan fell. In the same way, after a long rule, was Macbeth vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies. But with the difference between the real and apocryphal history, it is manifest that we can have here no concern. The interest of *Macbeth* is not an *historical* interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call *Lear* or *Hamlet* an historical play, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past.'

Of all our dramatists, Shakspeare appears to have been the first to call in the aid of witchcraft as supernatural machinery. The vulgar sorcery creed that prevailed in England in his time was

partially adopted by him; but he blended it with the sibylline or prophetic character of the Scandinavian weird sisters, and spiritualised it by his own imagination. It is now generally believed that Middleton's play of *The Witch*, containing as it does a resemblance in some particulars to the incantation scenes in *Macbeth*, was not composed before 1613.

REMARKS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

ON

SHAKSPEARE'S 'MACBETH.'

'*Macbeth* stands in contrast throughout with *Hamlet*; in the manner of opening more especially. In the latter, there is a gradual ascent from the simplest forms of conversation to the language of impassioned intellect,—yet the intellect still remaining the seat of passion; in the former, the invocation is at once made to the imagination and the emotions connected therewith. Hence the movement throughout is the most rapid of all Shakspeare's plays, and hence, also, with the exception of the disgusting passage of the porter (Act II. Sc. 3), which I dare pledge myself to demonstrate to be an interpolation of the actors, there is not, to the best of my remembrance, a single pun or play on words in the whole drama. And hence, also, there is an entire absence of comedy, nay, even of irony and philosophic contemplation in *Macbeth*,—the play being wholly and purely tragic. For the same cause, there are no reasonings of equivocal morality, which would have required a more leisurely state and a consequently greater activity of mind; no sophistry of self-delusion,—except only that, previously to the dreadful act, Macbeth mistranslates the recoilings and ominous whispers of conscience into prudential and selfish reasonings, and, after the deed is done, the terrors of remorse into fear from external dangers,—like delirious men who run away from the phantoms of their own brains, or, raised by terror to rage, stab

the real object that is within their reach :—whilst Lady Macbeth merely endeavours to reconcile his and her own sinkings of heart by anticipations of the worst, and an affected bravado in confronting them. In all the rest, Macbeth's language is the grave utterance of the very heart, conscience-sick, even to the last faintings of moral death. It is the same in all the other characters. The variety arises from rage, caused ever and anon by disruption of anxious thought, and the quick transition of fear into it.

‘In *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the scene opens with superstition ; but in each it is not merely different, but opposite. In the first it is connected with the best and holiest feelings ; in the second, with the shadowy, turbulent, and unsanctified cravings of the individual will. Nor is the purpose the same ; in the one the object is to excite, whilst in the other it is to mark a mind already excited.

‘The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakspeare's as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materialising witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good ; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama.

‘Macbeth is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently ;—ignorant, as alas ! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means ; and hence the danger of indulging fancies. Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakspeare, is a class individualized :—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences

of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony.'—COLERIDGE.

'The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can only be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity of murdering the king immediately offers; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendour over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come, clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the overruling destiny of the ancients represented in perfect accordance with their ideas: the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment, deceive those who confide in them. Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good

and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches: his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of *Hamlet*: it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. "Thought, and done!" is the general motto; for, as Macbeth says,

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it."

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events,—the very inmost recesses in the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal this picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending

the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth: what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa.'—SCHLEGEL.

'The majority of readers, I believe, assign to *Macbeth* the pre-eminence among the works of Shakspeare. Many, however, would rather name *Othello*; and a few might prefer *Lear* to either. The great epic drama, as the first may be called, deserves, in my own judgment, the post it has attained, as being, in the language of Drake, *the greatest effort of our author's genius,—the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld.*'—HALLAM.

'The *stage-witches* of *Macbeth* are not much elevated above the Witch of Edmonton, of Rowley and Dekker—"the plain traditional old-woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." Charles Lamb (from whom we quote these words) has, with his accustomed discrimination, also shown the essential differences between the witches of Shakspeare and the witches of Middleton: "These (Middleton's) are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches hurt the body; those have power over the soul." But the witches of the stage *Macbeth* are Middleton's witches, and not Shakspeare's; and they sing Middleton's lyrics, as stolen by D'Avenant, but they are not Shakspeare's lyrics. The witches of Shakspeare essentially belong to the action. From the moment they exclaim, "A drum, a drum: Macbeth doth come," all their powers are bent up to the accomplishment of his ruin. Shakspeare gives us no choruses of "We dance to the echoes of our feet"; and

"We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits." He makes the superstition tell upon the action of the tragedy, and not a jot farther; and thus he makes the superstition harmonize with the action, and prepare us for its fatal progress and consummation. It was an effect of his unequalled skill to render the superstition essentially poetical.'—KNIGHT.

PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
SHAKSPEARE'S 'MACBETH,'

ABRIDGED FROM HOLINSHED'S 'HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.' *

"Doadat† was married unto Sinell, the thane of Glammis, by whom she had issue, one Makbeth, a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not been somewhat cruel of nature, might have been thought most worthy the government of a realm. On the other part, Duncan was soft and gentle of nature. . . . The beginning of Duncan's reign was very quiet and peaceable; but after it was perceived how negligent he was in punishing offenders, many misruled persons took occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the commonwealth, by seditious commotions, which first had their beginnings in this wise:—Banquho, the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of lineage hath now for a long time enjoyed the crown of Scotland, even till these our days, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharply such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels, and spoiled of the money and all other things, had much ado to get away with life. . . . He repaired to the court, where,

* In these selections most of the old spelling has been modernised.

† Malcolm, king of Scotland, had two daughters, Beatrice and Doadat; the former of these was Duncan's mother, the latter was Macbeth's; so that Duncan was Macbeth's cousin.

making his complaint to the king, he purchased at length that the offenders were sent for by a sergeant-at-arms, to appear to make answer unto such matters as should be laid to their charge: but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked deed, after they had misused the messenger with sundry kinds of reproaches, they finally slew him also. Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanour against the king's regal authority, they should be invaded with all the power the king could make, Macdowald, one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacy with his nearest friends and kinsmen, took upon him to be chief captain of all such rebels as would stand against the king. . . . Out of the western isles there came unto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious quarrel; and out of Ireland, in hope of the spoil, came no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses, offering gladly to serve under him whither it should please him to lead them."

"At length Makbeth, speaking much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed unto him and unto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished and quite put down. . . . And even so it happened. At his entering into Lochquhaber, the fame of his coming put the enemies in such fear, that a great number of them stole secretly away from their captain Macdowald, who nevertheless, enforced thereto, gave battle unto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him: but being overcome, and fleeing for refuge into a castle (within the which his wife and children were inclosed), at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold any longer against his enemies, nor yet upon surrender be suffered to depart with life saved, he first slew his wife and children, and lastly himself. . . . Makbeth, entering into the castle, found the carcase of Macdowald lying dead there amongst the residue of the slain bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no piece of his cruel nature with that pitiful sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and

set upon a pole's end, and so sent it as a present to the king, who as then lay at Bertha. The headless trunk he commanded to be hung upon a high pair of gallows."

"Thus was justice and law restored again to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediately whereupon word came that Sueno, king of Norway, was arrived in Fife with a puissant army, to subdue the whole realm of Scotland. . . . Whereof when K. Duncan was certified, he began to assemble an army in most speedy wise." [In the fighting that ensued the Scots were at first defeated, but were eventually victorious.]

"Word was brought that a new fleet of Danes was arrived at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute, king of England, in revenge of his brother Sueno's overthrow. To resist these enemies Makbeth and Banquho were sent with the king's authority, who having with them a convenient power, encountered the enemies, slew part of them, and chased the other to their ships. They that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth, for a great sum of gold, that such of their friends as were slain at this last bickering might be buried in St. Colme's inch."

"Shortly after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland. It fortun'd, as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, All hail, Makbeth, thane of Glamis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Makbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Makbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

"Then Banquho: What manner of women (saith he) are you? that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow

here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest king of Scotland; and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his land, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Makbeth.

“The same night after, at supper, Banquho jested with him, and said, Now, Makbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Makbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Makbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that

if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted), he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverns, or (as some say) at Botgosvane, in the sixth year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common consent) he received the investiture of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner. The body of Duncan was first conveyed unto Elgin; but afterwards it was removed and conveyed unto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst his predecessors in the year after the birth of our Saviour, 1046."

"Malcolm Cammore and Donald Bane, the sons of king Duncan, for fear of their lives (which they might well think that Makbeth would seek to bring to end, for his more sure confirmation in the estate), fled into Cumberland, where Malcolm remained, till time that Saint Edward, the son of Ethelred, recovered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the which Edward received Malcolm by way of most friendly entertainment; but Donald passed over into Ireland."

"He [Makbeth] made many wholesome laws and statutes for the weal of his subjects. . . . But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was, instead of equity practising cruelty. For the pricks of conscience (as it

chanceth ever in tyrants and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it, at the same time, unto the posterity of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquho and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

“It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son yet, by the help of Almighty God, reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter, Makbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a device; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales.”

“After the contrived slaughter of Banquho, nothing prospered with Makbeth: for in manner every man began to doubt his own life, and durst unneath [*i. e.* hardly] appear in the king's presence; and even as there were many that stood in fear of him, so likewise stood he in fear of many, in such sort that he began to make those away by one surmised cavillation or other, whom he thought most able to work him any displeasure. At length he found such sweetness by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thirst after blood in this behalf might in no wise be satisfied; for ye must consider he wan double profit (as he thought) hereby: for first they were rid out of the way whom he feared, and then again his coffers

were enriched by their goods, which were forfeited to his use, whereby he might better maintain a guard of armed men about him. . . . Further, to the end he might the more cruelly oppress his subjects with all tyrant-like wrongs, he builded a strong castle on the top of an high hill, called Dunsinane, situate in Gowrie, ten miles from Perth. This castle put the realm to great charges before it was finished. But Macbeth caused the thanes of each shire to come and help towards that building, each man his course about. At the last, when the turn fell unto Makduffe, thane of Fife, to build his part, he sent workmen with all needful provisions, and commanded them to show such diligence in every behalf, that no occasion might be given for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himself as other had done, which he refused to do, for doubt lest the king, bearing him (as he partly understood) no great good will, would lay violent hands upon him, as he had done upon divers others. Shortly after, Macbeth coming to behold how the work went forward, and because he found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and said, 'I perceive this man will never obey my commandments, till he be ridden with a snaffle ; but I shall provide well enough for him.' Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Makduffe, either for that he thought his puissance over great, either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence (for that the prophecy had happened so right, which the three fairies, or weird-sisters had declared unto him), how that he ought to take heed of Makduffe, who in time to come should seek to destroy him."

"And surely hereupon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Birnane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Makbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same ; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him

to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Makduffe, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Makduffe but that Makbeth had knowledge given him thereof; for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Makbeth had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all that was said or done within the same, by which sleight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm."

"Immediately then, being advertised whereabouts Makduffe went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Makbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Makduffe, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Makduffe was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. . . .

"Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly, as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:—

"I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek

to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then, said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmised accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions. . . . Therefore suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoyce in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

“Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above the other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

“At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect.” X . . .

“In the meantime, Malcolm purchased such favour at King Edward’s hand, that old Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise for recovery of his right. . . . After that Makbeth perceived his enemies’ power to increase, by such aid as came to them forth of England with his adversary Malcolm, he recoiled back into Fife, there purposing to abide in camp fortified, at the castle of Dunsinane and to fight with his enemies if they meant to pursue him. . . .”

"He had such confidence in his prophecies that he believed he never should be vanquished till Birnane Wood were brought to Dunsinane, nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman. Malcolm, following hastily after Makbeth, came the night before the battle unto Birnane Wood; and when his army had rested a while, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard, long before that time, of the coming of Birnane Wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly. Howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth, perceiving that Macduff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse saying, 'Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains:' and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him."

"But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, 'It is true, Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb:' therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many

worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen."

"Malcolm Cammore, thus recovering the realm, was crowned at Scone. Immediately after his coronation he called a parliament at Forfar, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Makbeth. . . . He created many earls, lords, barons, and knights. Many of them that before were thanes, were at this time made earls, the first earls that have been heard of amongst the Scottishmen."

MACBETH.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

MACBETH.

Am. J. 3: 20-21, 1901.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(*Appears*)

DUNCAN, King of Scotland . . .	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6.
MALCOLM, son to Duncan . . .	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.
DONALBAIN, son to Duncan . . .	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.
MACBETH, general of the King's army	Act I. sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 7.
BANQUO, general of the King's army	Act I. sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.
MACDUFF, a nobleman of Scotland	Act I. sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.
LENOX, a nobleman of Scotland . .	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7.
ROSSE, a nobleman of Scotland . .	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.
MENTETH, a nobleman of Scotland	Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7.
ANGUS, a nobleman of Scotland . .	Act I. sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7.
CATHNESS, a nobleman of Scotland	Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo	Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces . .	Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.
Young SIWARD, son to the Earl of Northumberland	Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 7.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth	Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 5.
Son to Macduff	Act IV. sc. 2.
An English Doctor	Act IV. sc. 3.
A Scotch Doctor	Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.
A Soldier	Act I. sc. 2.
A Porter	Act II. sc. 3.
An old Man	Act II. sc. 4.
LADY MACBETH	Act I. sc. 5 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
LADY MACDUFF	Act IV. sc. 2.
Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth	Act V. sc. 1.
HECATE	Act III. sc. 5.
Three Witches	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The
Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.*

SCENE—IN THE END OF ACT IV. IN ENGLAND ; THROUGH THE REST OF THE
PLAY IN SCOTLAND.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done :¹
When the battle's lost and won :

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place ?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath :

¹ *When the hurlyburly's done, &c.]* The battle was that of King Duncan's soldiers, under the generals Macbeth and Banquo, against the army of rebels under Macdonald, the Lord of the Isles or Hebrides. *Hurlyburly*, meaning tumultuous uproar, is an expression of very common occurrence in old authors. I find it in several of Latimer's sermons: thus in one preached before K. Edward in 1550, 'The chiefest cause of all this hurlyburly and commotion;' and in another on Twelfth Day, 1553, 'He would suffer rather to be circumcised than to give occasion of hurlyburly or uproar.' So in North's Plutarch (*Fabius*), 'There arose a marvellous tumult and hurlyburly presently among the people.' See also Spenser, *F. Q.* v. iii. 30. The expression, 'Hurlyburly innovation,' occurs in 1 *K. Henry IV.* v. 1.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.¹

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!²

2 *Witch.* Paddock calls:—Anon!—

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.³ [Witches *vanish*.

SCENE II.—*A camp near Forres. Alarum without.*

Enter KING, DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with*
Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.⁴

¹ *There to meet, &c.]* The metre of this line, even if the sound of the word *there* be accounted dissyllabic, is really shortened to the ear, and as I think is intended to be expressive of haste. A hasty summons immediately follows. And it should be observed that the brevity of this opening scene, and especially the suddenness with which the witches are 'called in secret' (Milton's *Par. Lost*, ii. 662) by their familiar imps, foreshadows that rapidity of action which is so characteristic of this play.

² *I come, Graymalkin, &c.]* *Graymalkin* and *Paddock*, here used as names of familiar spirits, denoted respectively a cat and a toad. The word *Malkin*, however, is originally a diminutive for *Mary*, and often denominated a drab or mean wench, as in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. The words 'Paddock calls:—Anon!' are in the folio assigned to all the witches simultaneously; we have followed those commentators who assign them to the second witch alone, which avoids the impropriety of one familiar seeming to belong to all the three.

³ *Fair is foul, &c.]* The witches themselves were foul or ugly, their practices were foul, and foul weather was most favourable to those practices. In Spenser's *F. Q.* iv. viii. 32, we have, 'Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in sight.' To *hover* here means to ride the air with irregular motion.

⁴ *Of the revolt, &c.]* The newest state of the revolt; the latest condition of the rebel army.

Mal. This is the sergeant¹
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald²
 (Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,³
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him), from the western isles
 Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;⁴
 And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,⁵

¹ *The sergeant*] A sergeant-at-arms: one of the king's body-guard.

² *Macdonald*] The Macdonalds, the Celtic chiefs of the Hebrides, styled themselves Lords of the Isles. Towards the end of the thirteenth century they began to acquire a kind of kingly ascendancy, which lasted for about 200 years.

³ *To that*] To that end; to fit him for that capacity.

⁴ *Of kernes, &c.*] With kernes, &c. The kernes and gallowglasses (also referred to in 2 *K. Henry VI.*, iv. 9) were respectively the light and heavy infantry of the Irish, and generally very poor and wild. Drayton in his *Heroical Epistles* (*Mortimer*) says:—

‘Bruce now shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
 From the isled Orcads and the Hebrides;
 And to his western havens give free pass
 To land the Kerne and Irish Galliglasse.’

⁵ *Fortune on his damned quarrel, &c.*] ‘Fortune’s a strumpet,’ was a proverbial saying. She was often called a huswife, which was a name also applied to a loose woman. A *quarrel*, as here, often signified a *cause* or *plea*. The old reading is *quarry*; but *quarrel* is Holinshed’s word. Bacon, in his *Essay on Marriage, &c.*, says ‘Wives are young men’s mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men’s nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel (Lat. *ansa*) to marry when he will.’ In Latimer’s Sermons are several instances of

Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak ;
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like Valour's minion¹ carved out his passage,
 Till he faced the slave ;
 Which ne'er shook hands,² nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break ;
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark !
 No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
 Compelled these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norweyan lord,³ surveying vantage,⁴
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.

quarrel signifying *cause* ; thus in the *Serm. on Christmas Day*, 'To live and die in God's quarrel.'

¹ *Valour's Minion*] The favourite of Valour as opposed to the favourite of fickle Fortune.

² *Which ne'er shook hands, &c.*] *Which* is for *who* ; but a better reading is 'And ne'er.' An ironical way of intimating that Macbeth, when he came upon Macdonald, did not leave him till he had not only slain him, but ripped him from the navel to the chin, and cut off his head. We have similar irony in *K. Lear*, i. 1, where Goneril calls the dissolution of amity between France and Britain 'The compliment of leave-taking.' Holinshed's account is that Macdonald committed suicide, and was afterwards beheaded by Macbeth.

³ *The Norweyan lord.*] Sweno, or Sweyn, brother of Canute, king of England. This first invasion of Danes was, according to Holinshed's account, not so immediate.

⁴ *Surveying vantage, &c.*] Observing his opportunity. The 'furbished arms,' mean arms not yet stained with blood.

Dun. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes! as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled¹ strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,²
I cannot tell.³
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane⁴ of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.⁵

Enter Ross.

Ross. God save the king!

¹ *So they doubly redoubled*] They did so doubly redouble. The same expression occurs in *K. Richard II.* i. 3.

² *Memorize, &c.*] Make the place such a field of skulls, that it should be remembered as another Golgotha. To *memorize* is to make memorable.

³ *I cannot tell*] I know not what to say or think of it. With this meaning the phrase is very common in the old dramatists. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3.

Kath. I like it well, good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell: I fear 'tis choleric.

⁴ *Thane.*] This word denoted a liegeman of dignity not much inferior to that of Earl. In the last speech of the play, Malcolm says 'My thanes and kinsmen, henceforth be Earls.'

⁵ *So should he look, &c.*] So should a man look who indicates by his look that he describes, &c. To *speak* is to describe. See p. 14, note 1.

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor,¹ began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom,² lapped in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,³

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now Sweno,

The Norways' king, craves composition;⁴

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,⁵

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane⁶ of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

¹ *Cawdor*] Cawdor Castle is on the river Calder, in Nairnshire, about six miles from the town of Nairn.

² *Till that Bellona's bridegroom, &c.*] Till Macbeth, that mate of the goddess of war, &c. So, in *K. Richard II.*, ii. 3, 'The Black Prince, that young Mars of men.' Bellona was the sister and the charioteer of Mars. *Lapped in proof* is infolded or encased in armour.

³ *Self-comparisons*] Movements corresponding to those of Sweyn.

⁴ *Composition*] Peaceful settlement of differences.

⁵ *Saint Colmes' inch*] Saint Columba's island, a small island in the Frith of Forth, now called Inchcolm.

⁶ *No more that thane, &c.*] This is perhaps designed by the poet to make more remarkable the fact of the *next* thane of Cawdor proving a much worse traitor.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.¹

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—
Give me, quoth I:

*Aroint thee, witch!*² the rump-fed ronyon³ cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:⁴

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,⁵

¹ *Killing swine*] Witches were believed to cause the death of swine, poultry, &c., belonging to persons to whom they bore an ill-will.

² *Aroint thee, witch*] This expression occurs also in *King Lear*, iii. 4; but the word *aroint* has not been found elsewhere in our old literature. It is not likely to be a misprint in both plays, otherwise *anoint* might be supposed the true reading; for witches used to anoint themselves with magic ointments, to enable them to ride through the air: in that case the meaning would be—take flight, begone! In a note, however, where the expression occurs in *King Lear*, I have ventured the supposition that the phrase *Aroint thee!* may have nearly the same meaning as *Plague on thee!* or *The mange be on thee!* from the Anglo-Norman *roine*, a scab. In Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, we have 'Withouten bleine, or scab, or roine.'

³ *Rump-fed ronyon*] The word *ronyon* means a fat woman; *rump-fed* is probably an error.

⁴ *Master o' the Tiger*] In Hakluyt's *Voyages* there are accounts of a voyage made to Aleppo in the ship 'Tiger' of London in 1583.

⁵ *But in a sieve, &c.*] In an account of a conspiracy of sorcerers against King James, Agnes Sampson is reported to have confessed

And, like a rat without a tail,¹

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.²

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports³ they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;⁴

He shall live a man forbid :⁵

that, one All Hallows Eve, 'she was accompanied with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went into the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way, in the same riddles or sieves, to the Kirk of North Berwick in Lothian.'—Wright's *Narratives of Sorcery*, ch. x.

¹ *Like a rat without a tail*] In the likeness of a rat, &c. A witch could take the shape of any animal, but always wanting the tail.

² *I'll give thee a wind*] 'The witches of Lapland and Norway sell winds in bags, or in handkerchiefs tied with three knots,—the first to be unknit when they set sail, the second at sea, but the third not at all, for it includes a contrary tempest ; who commonly cross those with opposite storms that refuse to buy them.'—Sandys' *Comment. on Ovid's Met.* Bk. vii.

³ *And the very ports, &c.*] And they blow towards the very ports ; towards all the quarters of the compass that they know. *Blow* is for *blow to* ; the suppression of prepositions in this way is quite in Shakspeare's manner. See the Editor's *Othello*, p. 23, note 4 ; and *As you Like it*, p. 10, note 1.

⁴ *Pent-house-lid*] The eye is here compared to a pent-house, which was a shed against a wall with a single-sloped roof. Fr. *pente*, downward slope.

⁵ *Forbid*] The more usual word was *forespoke* or *forespoken*, that

Weary se'nnights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :¹
 Though his bark cannot be lost,

is—fated, doomed by sorcery, bewitched. 'A poison of all, I think I was forespoke.'—B. Johnson's *Cynthia's Revels*, iii. 1. So in Drayton's *Heroical Epistles* (*Elinor Cohham*);—

'Their hellish power to kill the ploughman's seed,
 Or to forespeak the flocks as they did feed.'

¹ *Weary se'nnights, &c.*] Nine times nine weary weeks, &c. *Sevensnight*, or *se'nnight*, denoted a week, just as *fortnight*, that is, fourteen-night, denotes the space of two weeks. It was a reputed practice of witches to form an image of wax, representing a person to whom they meant harm, and either to prick with a needle some part of the body which they designed to injure, or to subject the image to a gradual process of melting or wasting, when they intended their victim to 'dwindle, peak, and pine.' So, in Middleton's play of *The Witch*; Hecate, being informed that a farmer's picture (*i. e.* image) and his wife's have been laid down to roast before the fire, says—

'Then their marrows are a melting subtly,
 And three months' sickness sucks up life in them.
 They denied me often flour, bacon, and milk,
 Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,
 Their brew-locks, nor their batches, nor forespoke
 Any of their breedings.'

So also in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*—

'It wastes me more,
 Than were't my picture fashioned out of wax,
 Stuck with a magic needle, and then buried
 In some foul dunghill.'

Holinshed, referring to the witchcraft practised against King Duff, speaks of 'one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broach an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person;' and he adds, 'for, as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the body of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the enchantment they served to keep him still waking from sleep.'

Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.—

Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come.

[*Drum without.*

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters,¹ hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine,² and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Forres?—What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards³ forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can:—What are you?

¹ *The weird sisters*] *Weird*, which is here dissyllabic in pronunciation, is from the Anglo-Saxon *wierde*, fate or destiny. Shakespeare found the name *weird sisters* in Holinshed.

² *Thrice to thine*] That is, do go about thrice to perfect thy device. Ovid, *Met.* vii., in his description of Medea's incantations, represents her as turning thrice round.

³ *Your beards*] A beard was one of the tokens of a witch.

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical,¹ or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? ² My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope,³ That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy,⁴ yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

¹ *Fantastical*] Imaginary, illusory.

² *Show*] Appear. A common meaning in old authors.

³ *With present grace, &c.*] The witches greeted Macbeth with 'present grace' when they called him thane of Glamis, and with 'prediction of noble having,' or possession, when they styled him thane of Cawdor. The 'royal hope' was, of course, the expectation of being king.

⁴ *Happy*] Fortunate.

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers,¹ tell me more:
 By Sinel's² death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe³ this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
 [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them: Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air, and what seemed corporal,⁴ melted
 As breath into the wind.—Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root,⁵
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.⁶

Ban. You shall be king.

¹ *Imperfect speakers*] Unexplicit tellers or describers. The verb *speak* often meant to describe. Thus in *K. Henry VIII.* iii. 1, Katherine says, 'Let me speak myself, since virtue finds no friends.' So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, v. 3, 'No chronicle shall speak you.'

² *Sinel*] Macbeth's father, recently deceased.

³ *Owe*] Have. The verb *owe* often meant to own or possess, as in *K. Lear*, i. 4, 'Lend less than thou owest.'

⁴ *Corporal*] This word now signifies, pertaining to the body. Shakspeare's meaning is, what we now call corporeal, having a body.

⁵ *The insane root*] By some of the old medical writers henbane was called *insana*, because the eating or drinking of its poison was supposed to cause madness.

⁶ *Your children, &c.*] The dialogue here is probably designed to be a kind of ridicule of the witches' greetings. Holinshed's words

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too—went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his:¹ Silenced with that,²
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make—
Strange images of death. As thick as hail³
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

are, 'This was reputed at the first but some *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo; insomuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland, and Macbeth again would call him, in sport likewise, the father of many kings.'

¹ *Which should be thine or his*] Whether his wonder at the deeds themselves, or his praises of thy merits, should be greater.

² *Silenced with that*] Leaving that unsettled.

³ *As thick as hail*] The old reading is 'As thick as tale,' which must mean *As closely as telling or counting*. In Barry's *Ram Alley*, iii. 1, we have, 'And give their linen to their laundresses by tale.' See, in Scripture, Exodus v. 18. *As quick as tale* would have been a more appropriate comparison; but if *thick* was Shakspeare's word, we have no doubt that he wrote *hail*.

In which addition,¹ hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line² the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,³
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,

¹ *Addition*] An *addition* was a title added to one's name.

² *Line*] Strengthen. So in 1 *K. Henry IV.* ii. 3, 'To line his enterprise;' and in 2 *K. Henry IV.* i. 3, 'Who lined himself with hope.'

³ *That trusted home, &c.*] That consideration, admitted into your belief, might quicken in you the further hope of becoming king.—'Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither.' *As you Like it*, i. 2.

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting¹
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:—
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use² of nature? Present fears³
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,⁴
Shakes so my single state of man,⁵ that function
Is smothered in surmise;⁶ and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

¹ *Soliciting*] Excitement; instigation.

² *Use*] Custom.

³ *Present fears*] Objects of fear actually present.

⁴ *Fantastical*] Imaginary; conceived by imagination.

⁵ *My single state of man*] In this expression, Macbeth likens his single or individual self to a commonwealth. Some commentators take *single* to mean *feeble*.

Compare the following lines in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1:—

‘Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.’

⁶ *Function is smothered, &c.*] The faculty of action is lost or buried, in surmise, and nothing but the future is present to me.

Ban. New honours come¹ upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside.*]—Come what come may,
Time and the hour² runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—My dull brain was
wrought

With things forgotten.

Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—

Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life

¹ *Come*] That are come.

² *Time and the hour*] This has been supposed to allude to the familiar figure of Time with the hour-glass in his hand.

Became him like the leaving of it: he died
As one that had been studied¹ in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O, worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine!² only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;³
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.⁴

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known

¹ *That had been studied, &c.] Studied* is earnestly bent; *owed* is owned or possessed; *careless* is uninteresting.

² *Mine]* In my power; possible for me to render.

³ *Our duties, &c.] Our duties* are children and servants to your throne and state.

⁴ *Everything safe, &c.] Everything* tending to preserve and promote love and honour towards you.

No less to have done so ; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland :¹ which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest ² is labour, which is not used for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [*Aside.*] The prince of Cumberland !—That is a
step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see ! [*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant ;
And in his commendations ³ I am fed,—

¹ *The Prince of Cumberland*] Holinshed says that Duncan made the elder of his sons 'Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in the kingdom.'

² *The rest*] Resting.

³ *His commendations*] The praises which you and others bestow upon him.

anquet to me. Let's after him,
care is gone before to bid us welcome :
peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives¹ from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it:*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.—Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue

¹ *Missives*] Messengers. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2,
'You with taunts did gibe my missive out of audience.'

All that impedes thee from the golden round,¹
Which fate and metaphysical² aid doth seem³
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more⁴
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *[Exit Attendant.]*

The raven himself is hoarse⁵
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,⁶ unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature

¹ *The golden round*] The golden crown.

² *Metaphysical*] Supernatural. A literal meaning of the word.

³ *Seem*] Aim.

⁴ *More*] More breath.

⁵ *Is hoarse*] Has spent his breath to such a degree that he is hoarse. This thought appropriately follows the mention of the messenger, 'almost dead for breath.' The raven was a bird of evil omen.

⁶ *Mortal thoughts*] Death designing or murderous thoughts.

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it ! ¹ Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for ² gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless ³ substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, ⁴
 To cry, *Hold, hold !*

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor !
 Greater than both, by the *all-hail hereafter !*
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters : ⁵—To beguile the time,

¹ *Keep peace, &c.*] Keep the purpose from seizing the effect.

² *For*] In exchange for.

³ *Sightless*] Invisible. So, in i. 7, 'The sightless couriers of the air.'

⁴ *The blanket of the dark*] The darkness covering the sleeping king, through which she fears that heaven may, as it were, glance from Duncan's eyes to plead for him.—Such, I apprehend, is the meaning of this much discussed metaphor.

⁵ *Your face, &c.*] Your face is such as may make people think you actuated by strange rather than hospitable thoughts ; to avert suspicion look like the occasion.

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.¹

Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favour² ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX,
 MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage,³ but this bird

¹ *We will speak further*] From the manner in which Macbeth had uttered the words 'To-morrow, as he purposes,' his wife at once knew his mind; and he is so surprised to find her purpose suddenly concurring with his 'black and deep desires,' that he is afraid to 'speak further' at present.

² *To alter favour*] To change countenance.

³ *Coign of vantage*] I take this to mean *projecting corner*. It is generally thought to mean *advantageous* corner. The martlet, called also the martinet, or house-martin, a species of swallow, often

Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honoured hostess !—
The love that follows us ¹ sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld ² us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits. ³

builds its nest in a situation of exposure to the weather. In the
Merchant of Venice, ii, 9, it is said that the martlet—

‘ Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.’

The dialogue here between Duncan and Banquo is exceedingly beautiful. Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded it as a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. ‘ The subject,’ says he, ‘ of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds.’

¹ *The love that follows, &c.*] We are sometimes put to inconvenience by the attentions of love, though we cannot but thank that love: in saying this, we suggest a reason why you may give us your blessing for the pains we now cause you to take, and thank us for the trouble we give you.

² *God eyld*] The expression *God yield you*, that is, God reward or bless you, often occurs in our old authors. In *Hamlet*, iv. 5, where the king asks Ophelia how she does, her answer is, ‘ Well, God ’ield you.’

³ *Your hermits*] Your beadsmen, bound to pray for your prosperity.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,¹
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a
 Sewer,² and divers Servants with dishes and service.
 Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done,³ when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly: If the assassination

¹ *In compt*] In count or trust; accountably.

² *A Sewer*] An officer who placed the dishes on the table. *Fr. asseour*, from *asseoir* to place or lay.

³ *If it were done, &c.*] If the murder would be a thing fully ended when it is executed, then it were well it were done quickly. If the snare in which I take his life could take also the dangerous issue of murder, and catch, as soon as the assassination is done, whatever might spring from it. *Trammel*, *Fr. Tramail*, a kind of net. *His surcease* means its surcease. (See p. 30, note 1.) Shakspeare and other old authors often use *success* to signify succession; so Spenser, *F. Q. ii. x. 45*:—

‘Then all the sons of these five brethren reigned
 By dunn success.’

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,¹
 We'd jump² the life to come.—But in these cases,³
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends⁴ the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties⁵ so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:⁶
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,⁷

¹ *Upon this bank, &c.*] The present life of a generation is here beautifully conceived of as a 'bank and shoal' in the midst of the great ocean of time; the past and the future being both submerged, and the 'bank and shoal' gradually encroached upon by the approaching waters of the past, and correspondingly extended on the other side by the retiring waters of the future.

² *Jump*] Risk or hazard.

³ *In these cases, &c.*] In cases of this kind we always have retribution in this life; inasmuch as we only teach means of destruction, which, &c. The word *inventor* is allusive to the invention of such instruments of punishment as the brazen bull, the deviser of which was himself put to death by it.

⁴ *Commends*] Presents.

⁵ *Faculties*] Official powers or prerogatives.

⁶ *Taking off*] This, as an expression denoting *murder*, occurs also in *K. Lear*, v. 1.

⁷ *Pity, like a naked, &c.*] *Pity* here means an appeal, or object of

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.¹—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,²
 And falls on the other—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supped : Why have you left
 the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he asked for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
 He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions³ from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk

appeal, to pity, having the aspect of helpless innocence. *Sightless*
 means invisible.

¹ *Drown the wind, &c.*] Rain often falls when wind ceases, and was
 therefore said to drown the wind.

² *Which o'erleaps itself, &c.*] Which urges my intent to leap beyond
 what ambition itself aims at, and so to arrive at the very contrary
 of what I intend, viz., dishonour and wretchedness, instead of glory
 and felicity. 'Falls on the other' seems to me to signify *lights on*
the opposite of what was intended ; but the generally received interpre-
 tation is, *falls down on the other side through vaulting into the saddle*
too violently. Perhaps Shakspeare intended the suppression of a noun
 after the word *other*, to indicate interruption caused by Lady Mac-
 beth's entrance.

³ *Golden opinions*] So, in *As You Like it*, i. 1, 'Report speaks
 goldenly [*i.e.* richly] of his profit.'

Wherein you dressed yourself? ¹ hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green ² and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have ³ that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage? ⁴

Macb. Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't, then, ⁵

That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place ⁶
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

¹ *Dressed yourself*] *Scil.* for the reception and entertainment of Duncan.

² *Green*] Childish, simple.

³ *Wouldst thou have*] Wouldst thou only wish to have?

⁴ *The adage*] The proverb, 'The cat *would* have fish but *dares not* wet her feet.'

⁵ *What beast, &c.*] Then what beast were you, when you broached this enterprise to me?

⁶ *Nor time nor place, &c.*] Neither time nor place were then fitting for the enterprise, and yet you intended to make fit time and place. Now they have made themselves, by the lucky accident of the king's visit, &c. *That their fitness*, is obsolete phraseology for *that fitness of theirs*; so, in *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 3, 'That thy spirit which keeps thee.' Compare, in the Liturgy, 'That his inestimable benefit,' &c.

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :—
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his¹ boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M.

We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,²
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,³
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck⁴ only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?⁵

¹ *His*] Its. The old neuter possessive, *his*, was liable to be sometimes confounded with the masculine : hence the introduction of the modern formation *its*.

² *To the sticking place*] To the full. The metaphor refers to the firm-set position of a screw, wound or driven as far as it will go.

³ *Convince*] Overcome or confound. So in Act iv. sc. 3, 'Their malady convinces the great assay of art ;' in *Cymbeline*, i. 6, 'Convince the honour of my mistress ;' in Spenser's *F. Q.*, 'That treasons could bewray and foes convince ;' and in Bacon's *Essays* (*Atheism*), 'God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.'

⁴ *Limbeck*] A vessel charged with fumes or vapours. A *limbec* or alembic is a chemical vessel used in distillation.

⁵ *Quell*] Deed of killing. In 2 *K. Henry IV.*, ii. 1, the Hostess calls Falstaff 'a man-queller and a woman-queller ;' and Latimer,

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour¹ roar
 Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know !

[*Exeunt.*

in his 5th *Serm.* before *K. Edward*, speaks of 'man-quellers, murderers, &c.'

¹ *Clamour*] Loud wailing. The word occurs with the same meaning in *K. Lear*, iv. 3 and v. 3.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inverness. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry¹ in heaven,

Their candles² are all out.—Take thee that too.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep:—Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:—
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

¹ *Husbandry*] Thrift, frugality.

² *Their candles*] The stars are called 'Candles of the night,' in *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1, and in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5.

By the name of most kind hostess :—and shut up¹
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect ;²
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,³
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,⁴—when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So⁵ I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised⁶ and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you !

[*Exeunt* BANQUO and FLEANCE.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,

¹ *Shut up*] Concluded, ended ; retired to his chamber.

² *Our will, &c.*] Our will was obliged to submit to deficiency of provision.

³ *When we can entreat, &c.*] When we can court a convenient time. The more usual phrase is 'When time shall serve.'

⁴ *If you shall cleave, &c.*] If you shall cleave to unanimity with me.

⁵ *So*] If so be that.

⁶ *Franchised*] Unenslaved.

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal ¹ vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain!
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.—
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon ² gouts ³ of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, ⁴ towards his design

¹ *Fatal*] Death-boding.

² *Dudgeon*] Haft or handle.

³ *Gouts*] Drops. Fr. *gouttes*.

⁴ *Tarquin's ravishing strides*] An allusion to the ravishing of Lucretia, wife of Tarquinius Collatinus, by Sextus Tarquinius, the son of Tarquinius Superbus. 'Into the chamber wickedly he stalks.' Shakspeare's *Rape of Lucrece*.

' Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened
 The chastity he wounded.'—*Cymbeline*, ii. 2.

Strides was Pope's correction of the old reading *sides*. Dr. Johnson objected that 'a ravishing stride is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey;' but *ravishing*

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror¹ from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives :
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me :—
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold :

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire :—Hark !—
 Peace !

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman²
 Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it :
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked

here means *with intent to ravish* ; and a *stride* does not necessarily
 imply violent motion. Spenser in the *F. Q.* IV. viii. 37, has 'With
 easy step so soft as foot could stride.'

¹ *Take the present horror, &c.*] Take from the occasion the still,
 secret, dismal character that now is in keeping with it.

² *The fatal bellman*] *Fatal* means death-portending. The bellman
 or watchman, in old times, used to be often heard bidding good
 night, or uttering benedictions or night spells, under the windows
 of houses.

And 't is not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds¹ us. Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't :—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a
noise ?—

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !—
Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
Murder !

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us !* and *Amen*, the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,
When they did say *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen* ?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

¹ *Confounds*] Would confound.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep! the innocent sleep:
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve¹ of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

¹ *Sleeve*] The flos-silk used for weaving. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1, 'Thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk;' and in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia*,—

'The bank, with daffadillies dight,
With grass, like sleeve, was matted.'

I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.¹ [*Exit. Knocking without.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,²

Making the green—one red.³

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it then ! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark ! more
knocking :

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

¹ *Their guilt*] A quibbling allusion to *gilt*. This pun had escaped Coleridge, where, excepting the Porter's scene, which he supposed to be not Shakspeare's, he said 'There is not, to the best of my remembrance, a single pun or play on words in the whole drama.' The quibble, however, between *guilt* and *gilt* was often introduced with only a grave intention of enforcing thought.

'That, this word *gilt* including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be expressed.'—Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

'England shall double gild his treble guilt.'—2 *K. Henry IV.*, iv. 4.

'For the gilt of France, O guilt, indeed !'—*Henry V.*, ii. 1.

² *Incarnadine*] Redden.

³ *One red*] Red throughout ; a universal red. Another reading is 'making the green one—red.'

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.¹

[*Knocking.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; Ay! would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking without.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning² the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:³—Come in time;⁴ have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose;⁵ Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*]

¹ *To know my deed, &c.*] While knowing what I have done, it were best I should be lost in my thoughts of who I am.

² *Old turning*] Enough of turning. The word *old* was often used in colloquial language as an augmentative denoting *abundant* or *in excess*. Hence the play on words in the *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2., 'News, old news, and such news as you never heard of.' See note in the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 22.

³ *On the expectation of plenty*] That is, because he foresaw a plentiful supply of grain, which would bring down the price of what he had engrossed or monopolised.

⁴ *Come in time*] You are come in good time. I suppose here a reference to the farmer's having left the world before his time.

⁵ *Hose*] A pair of breeches and stockings.

Knock, knock ! Never at quiet ! What are you ?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way ¹ to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon !—I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late ?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock. . . .

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?—
Our knocking has awaked him ; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited ² service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

¹ *The primrose way*] The flowery path. 'Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,'—*Hamlet*, i. 3.

² *Limited*] Enjoined or appointed. 'And many limits of the charge set down.'—1 *K. Henry IV.*, i. 1. 'You have stood your limitation.'—*Coriolanus*, ii. 3.

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? *the life?*

Len. Mean you His Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;¹
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!²—Malcolm! Banquo!

¹ *Speak*] Describe. See p. 14, note 1.

² *The great doom's image*] So in *King Lear*, v. 3. Kent, looking

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror.¹ Ring the bell.

[*Alarum-bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault² to brag of.

upon Lear and the dead Cordelia, says, 'Is this the promised end?'
and Edgar continues, 'Or image of that horror?'

¹ *To countenance this horror*] To be in keeping with 'the great doom's image.'

² *This vault*] There is here a double allusion, viz., to a place of sepulture, and to a wine vault.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are,¹ and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows: they stared, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched² with gore: Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady!

¹ *You are*] *You are amiss.*

² *Unmannerly breeched*] Breeched here means sheathed, probably with a quibbling allusion to the *breach* the daggers had made in Duncan's body.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?

Let us away: our tears are not yet brewed.¹

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[LADY MACBETH is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,²

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence³

Against the undivulged pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice!

Macd. And so do I!

All. So all!

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,⁴

And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do?—Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy:—I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are

¹ *Our tears are not yet brewed, &c.*] The princes here signify that their hearts are so filled with sudden terror and amazement, as to prevent tears and the emotion or passionate expression of sorrow.

² *Our naked frailties hid*] Clothed our frail nakedness.

³ *And thence, &c.*] And from that stand-point I fight against the yet undivulged aim or design, &c.

⁴ *Manly readiness*] Decent apparel. *To make ready* often meant to dress, and *to make unready*, to undress. See stage direction in 1 *K. Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

There 's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood¹
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : There 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself,² when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou see 'st the heavens,³ as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :⁴

¹ *The near in blood, &c.*—Those near in blood-relationship being the nearer to danger of bloodshed.

² *Which steals itself*] Malcolm refers to himself and his brother stealing themselves, as it were, out of the country, to escape destruction.

³ *The heavens, &c.*] The words *act* and *stage*, in this sentence, induce us to suppose a designed allusion in the word *heavens* to the internal roof of the stage, which was familiarly called *the heavens*, and, when tragedies were performed, was hung with black.

⁴ *Strangles the travelling lamp*] Smothers the sun. Shakspeare's mention of this prodigy is accounted for in the next note. So, in 1 *K. Henry IV.*, i. 2, the Prince speaks of the sun

' Breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.'

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.¹

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so,—to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon 't.—Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

¹ *Hawked at and killed*] In Holinshed's narrative of the murder of King Duff, we have the following account of 'monstrous sights that were seen.' 'Horses in Lothian, being of singular beauty and swiftness, did eat their own flesh, and would in nowise taste any other meat. There was a spar-hawk also strangled by an owl. Neither was it any less wonder that the sun, as before is said, was continually covered with clouds for six months' space. But all men understood that the abominable murder of King Duff was the cause hereof.'

Are stolen away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still :—
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named ; and gone to Scone,¹
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill,²
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—
adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes ! [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Scone*] Scone, or Scoon, a village in Perthshire, was distinguished in the middle ages as the place of coronation of the Scottish kings. The famous stone on which the sovereign sat to receive inauguration, was removed, in 1296, by Edward I., from Scone to Westminster, where it still remains, forming the support of Edward the Confessor's chair, which the British sovereign occupies at the ceremony of coronation.

² *Colmes-kill*.—Icolmkill (the island of Columba's cell), called also Iona, an island off the west coast of Argyllshire, was the burial place of many Scottish kings.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promised; and I fear
 Thou playedst most foully for 't: yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,¹)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet² sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing³ unbecoming.

¹ *Shine*] Are conspicuously realised.

² *Sennet*] A particular set of notes on the trumpet, different from a flourish.

³ *All-thing*] In all things, altogether.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command¹ upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still² hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

¹ *Command*] Lay command. ² *Still*] Ever.

Till supper-time alone: while then,¹ God be with you!

[*Exeunt* LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be thus is nothing,²

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be feared:³ 't is much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuked,⁴ as it is said

¹ *While then*] Till then. The word *while* is still in provincial use for *till*. 'He shall conceal it whiles you are willing it shall come to note,' *Twelfth Night*, iv. 3. 'I'll lie under the bed while midnight,' Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii. 'I'll trust you while your father's dead,' Massinger's *Old Law*, i. 1.

² *To be thus is nothing*] Simply to be king is not the accomplishment of my object.

³ *Would be feared*] Requires to be feared. *Would* was formerly often used for *ought to*, or *requires to*. Thus, in Latimer's *2nd Serm. before K. Edward*, 'This history would be remembered;' and in his *6th ditto*, 'This benefit of his would be thankfully taken, and it would be highly esteemed.' In Bacon's *Essays* we have, 'That is a vein which would be bridled' (*Of Discourse*). See the Editor's *K. Lear*, p. 31, note 1.

⁴ *My genius is rebuked, &c.*] 'With Antonius there was a sooth-sayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He told Antonius plainly, that his fortune, which of itself was excellent good and very great, was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune; and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy Demon, said he, that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hailed him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed¹ my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come Fate into the list,²
 And champion me to the utterance!³—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

thee, is afraid of his, and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.'—North's Plutarch (*Antonius*). Cæsar Octavianus is the Cæsar here referred to. See Shakspeare's *Ant. and Cleop.*, ii. 3. Bacon, in his *Silva Silvarum*, x. 40, commenting on this subject, says 'The conceit of a predominant or mastering spirit, of one man over another, is ancient, and received still even in vulgar opinion.'

¹ *Filed*] Defiled. So, in Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*, ii., 'A word that I abhor to file my lips with;' and in Wilkins' *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, iii., 'Like smoke through a chimney, that files all the way it goes.'

² *The list*] The ground enclosed for combat.

³ *To the utterance*] Fr. *à l'outrance*, to the uttermost, without quarter, to the last extremity or utmost peril. So, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1:—

'Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance.'

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now,

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune; which you thought had been

Our innocent self: this I made good to you

In our last conference; passed in probation with you,¹

How you were borne in hand,² how crossed; the instruments,

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

1 *Mur.*

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,³
To pray for this good man and for his issue,

¹ *Passed in probation with you*] Talked over with you in such a way as proved.

² *Borne in hand*] Kept in expectation.

‘I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.’

Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2.

‘That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand.’—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

‘Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love,

With such integrity.’—*Cymbeline*, v. 5.

‘Yet will I bear some dozen more in hand,

And make them all my gulls.’—*Barry’s Ram Alley*, ii.

See the Editor’s *Hamlet*, p. 50, note 3.

³ *So gospelled to pray*] So actuated by gospel charity, as to pray.

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,¹ water-rugs, and demiwolves, are clept²
All by the name of dogs: the valued file³
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter,—every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill⁴
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples⁵ you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,

¹ *Shough*] A shaggy-haired dog.

² *Clept*] Called. So, in *Hamlet*, i. 4, 'They *clepe* us drunkards.'

³ *The valued file*] The valuing list or catalogue. So, in Act v. sc. 2, 'I have a file of all the gentry;' and in *K. Henry VIII.* i. 1, 'He makes up the file of all the gentry.'

⁴ *Addition from the bill*] Title apart from the bill. See note 2, p 61.

⁵ *Grapples, &c.*] So Polonius, in *Hamlet*, i. 3, says 'Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.'

That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,¹
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace;² always thought³
That I require a clearness: And with him
(To leave no rubs⁴ nor botches in the work)

¹ *Distance*] Macbeth means that Banquo has him, as it were, at sword's or spear's length from him, and is ever aiming at his death.

² *Something from the palace*] At some distance from the palace.

³ *Always thought, &c.*] It being always borne in mind, that I must be regarded as clear of all knowledge of the matter.

⁴ *Rubs*] A rub was an obstacle in a bowling-alley, that might arrest or turn aside the ball. See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 76, note 2.

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;¹
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and* a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend² his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched³ the snake, not killed it;

¹ *Resolve yourselves apart*] Arrange, or come to a mutual understanding, by yourselves.

² *Attend*] Await.

³ *Scotched*] Slightly wounded. To *scotch* is to cut with scores

She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds¹ suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly.—Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy.² Duncan is in his grave:
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
 Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;

And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
 Apply³ to Banquo; present him eminence⁴
 Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while⁵ that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

or slight incisions. So, in *Coriolanus*, iv. 5, 'He scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.'

¹ *Both the worlds*] Our interests both in this world and in the world to come.

² *Ecstasy*] Frenzy.

³ *Apply*] Apply itself, adapt itself, be obsequious. So Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, Bk. I., 'Another fault incident commonly to learned men is, that they fail sometimes in applying themselves to particular persons;' and again, 'Not that I can tax or condemn the morigeration or application of learned men to men in fortune.'

⁴ *Present him eminence*] Show him special honour.

⁵ *Unsafe the while, &c.*] How insecure is the time, obliging us to lave, &c.

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them Nature's copy's¹ not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne² beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,³
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

¹ *Nature's copy*] The copyhold, or lease, by which they hold their lives from Nature.

² *Shard-borne*] Borne on sharded or sheathed wings.

³ *Seeling night, &c.*] To *scarf* is to unite, or piece together. To *seel* the eyes of a hawk was to blind it by sewing up the eyelids, that it might become accustomed to the hood. This cruelty was sometimes practised on doves, which made them, when let loose, soar almost perpendicularly like the lark, until they were exhausted and dropped dead. 'There is also great use of ambitious men, in being skreens to princes in matters of danger and envy ; for no man will take that part except he be like a seeled dove, that mounts and mounts, because he cannot see about him.'—Bacon's *Essays* (*Ambition*).

'Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.'

Ford's *Broken Heart*, ii. 2.

Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens;¹ and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood ;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.—
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill :
 So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.*

Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ;² since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.*

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.*

Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Without.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.*

Then 't is he ; the rest³

That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about, almost a mile.

3 *Mur.* But he does usually : so all men do

From hence to the palace gate make it their walk.

¹ *Light thickens*] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 2, 'My lustre thickens when h shines by.'

² *He needs not, &c.*] We need not mistrust him, i.e. the third murderer.

³ *The rest, &c.*] All the other expected guests.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost the best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last¹ the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;² but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

¹ *At first and last.]* At the first places and the last we give, &c.

² *Her state]* Her chair of state. A *state* was the stage name for the canopied seat of a sovereign or supreme lord.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter ¹ thee with their hearts' thanks:
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure ²
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without ³ than he within.
Is he despatched?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's
good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

¹ *Encounter*] Match.

A measure] A toast in measured glasses.

³ *Better thee without, &c.*] Better outside of you than inside of him. *He for him, who for whom, &c.*, is common in Shakspeare.

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer;¹ the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence,² the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

Enter the GHOST of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise: Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's full!

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
highness?

¹ *You do not give, &c.]* You do not give proper countenance to your guests; a feast is given in expectation of some recompense, in while it proceeds it be not often vouched to be given with free welcome.

² *From thence]* Away from home, abroad. So, in *K. Lear*, ii. 1, 'Which I best thought it fit to answer *from* our home.' See the note in *loc.* in the Editor's *K. Lear*.

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought¹
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws² and starts
(Impostors to³ true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorised by⁴ her grandam. Shame itself!

¹ *Upon a thought*] As speedily as a thought passes. So, in *The Tempest*, iv. 1, Prospero bids Ariel 'Come with a thought;' and in *Jul. Cæsar*, v. 3, Titinius says, 'I will be here again, even with a thought.'

² *Flaws*] Gusts. It was supposed that vapours being congealed in the air by cold, and afterwards rarified and let loose by heat, occasioned those sudden gusts of wind called, on that account, *flaws*. Hence, in 2 *K. Henry IV.* iv. 4, the prince is said to be

'As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.'

Drayton (*Heroical Epistles*—*Henry Howard*) speaks of a bird 'tossed with flaws, with storms, &c.,' and in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, iii. 6, we have 'flaws and whirls of weather.'

³ *Impostors to*] Counterfeits of.

⁴ *Authorised by*] Invented by, or as received by her from.

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
[Ghost disappears.]

Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. ¹

Lady M. What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal; ²
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse ³ at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

¹ *Our monuments shall be, &c.*] We had better expose our dead to be devoured by kites.

² *Ere human statute, &c.*] Before human enactment against murder provided for the removal of such guilt from the civilised community.

³ *Muse*] Wonder. So in Spenser, *F. Q. I. ii. 32*, 'Yet musing at the strange occasion;' and in *The Tempest*, *iii. 3*, 'I cannot too much muse.'

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.¹

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation² in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,³
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert⁴ with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,⁵ protest me

¹ *All to all*] All good wishes to all.

² *No speculation*] No vision; no sense of sight. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3, 'For speculation turns not to itself.' In *Othello* the eyes are called 'speculative instruments.'

³ *The Hyrcan tiger*] Hyrcania was an extensive desert region in Asia, south-east of the Caspian Sea.

⁴ *Dare me to the desert*] So in *K. Richard II.* iv. 1, 'I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.'

⁵ *If trembling, &c.*] If then I timorously keep in quarter, or within inhabited space, assert me to be no better than a girl's doll or puppet.

The baby of a girl. Hence! horrible shadow!

[Ghost *disappears*.]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder.¹

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome² us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,³
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords and Attendants.]

Macb. It will have blood, they say! blood will have
blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,⁴ have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

¹ *With most admired disorder*] With disorder that has caused the greatest astonishment. *Admired* means *wondered at*.

² *Overcome*] Come over.

³ *The disposition that I owe*] My own disposition.

⁴ *Relations*] References or indications.

Lady M. Almost at odds¹ with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou,² that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted,³ ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season⁴ of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;

¹ *At odds with morning*] So in *Othello*, i. 1, 'This odd-even and dull watch o' the night.'

² *How sayest thou?*] What do you think of the idea?

³ *Which must be acted, &c.*] So in *K. Lear*, ii. 1, 'And I have one thing, of a queasy question, which I must act.'

⁴ *The season*] That which is the seasoning or preservative.

And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never called to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside.
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that, distilled by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprites,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And, you all know, security¹

¹ *Security*] *Security* here means the being carelessly confident of safety, throwing all care aside.

'The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
 The beacon of the wise.'—*Troil. and Cress.* ii. 2.

'Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole.'—*Hamlet*, i. 5.

'Man may *securely* sin, but *safely* never.'—B. Jonson's *Forest*, xi.

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Without.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*¹
Hark, I am called ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let 's make haste : she 'll soon be back
again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne.² The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth,—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late :
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous³
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

¹ *Come away*] The song thus commencing, which was probably written by Shakspeare, is given at length in Middleton's play of *The Witch*.

² *Borne*] Suffered, allowed to pass. Lenox proceeds to speak ironically; yet Coleridge supposed this play to be characterised by 'an entire absence of irony.'

³ *Who cannot want the thought, &c.*] For they cannot but think it was too monstrous to be believed that Malcolm and Donalbain should, &c. Some critics read the sentence interrogatively, and accordingly regard *cannot* as an error for *can*. The interpretation we have given agrees with that proposed by R. G. White in his 'Shakspeare's Scholar.' 'Macbeth,' says White, 'seized the opportunity of Banquo's late walking to put him out of the way, chiefly because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime which Lenox, ironically conforming to general report, ascribes to Malcolm and Donalbain.'

To kill their gracious father? damned fact! ¹
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 't would have angered any heart alive
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne ² all things well: and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds ³ the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;

¹ *Damned fact*] Lenox here continues his irony. The word *fact* used to signify *deed* in a more literal sense than it now usually bears.

‘What fury, frantic brother, tempts thee to
 So foul a fact?’—Sandy’s *Ovid’s Met.* v.

‘His cruel facts he often would repent.’—Spenser’s *F. Q.* I. iv. 34.

² *Borne*] Carried.

³ *Holds*] Withholds.

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;—
 All which we pine for now : And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute *Sir, not I,*¹
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,²
 And hums ; as who should say, *You 'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come ; ³ that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed !

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *With an absolute, &c.]* Having received for answer the flat and explicit refusal, &c.

² *Turns me his back]* The use of *me* in this way is common in Shakspeare. The pronoun is expletive, but gives a quaint turn to the meaning of the verb.

³ *His message, &c.]* The object of Macduff's visit to the court of England before he himself can arrive there.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries '*T is time, 't is time!*

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go ;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold stone,¹

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—

For a charm of powerful trouble,

¹ *Toad, that under cold stone, &c.]* Here, unless we should read *a* cold stone, or *the* cold stone, the omission of a syllable after the word *under* may have been designed to throw emphasis on each of the two following words. The thirty-one days denote the maximum duration of a month, and have no doubt a reference to the moon's revolution. *Sweltered* means in a state of excessive heat. *Got* signifies engendered or secreted.

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf¹
Of the ravined² salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,³
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

¹ *Gulf*] Gullet.

² *Ravined*] For *ravenous*. *Rapacious*.

³ *Chaudron*] Intestines.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:—
Though you untie the winds,¹ and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins² tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken:—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.*

Speak.

2 *Witch.*

Demand.

3 *Witch.*

We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb.

Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All.

Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*³

¹ *Untie the winds*] See p. 10, note 2.

² *Germins*] Seeds. 'Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together, and mar the seeds within.'—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

³ *An armed head*] 'The *armed head*,' so Upton observes, 'represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright:—But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate: ¹ thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree
in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

by Macduff. The *bloody child* is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The *child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand*, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.'

¹ *Take a bond of Fate*] Make Fate doom thee to death and thus give me a bond of security against thee.

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress¹ the forest? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good!
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[Hautboys.]

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the
last with a Glass in his hand; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more!—

¹ *Impress*] To impress was to enlist by press-money or prest-money, that is, ready money or bounty.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :¹
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 't is true ;
For the blood-boltered² Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round ;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
— hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And damned all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

¹ *That two-fold balls, &c.]* This is in reference to the accession of James I., as a supposed descendant of Banquo.

² *Boltered]* Clotted. To *bolter* was a provincial word, signifying to be matted or coagulated.

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. *Fled to England?*

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done!
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool!
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. *Wisdom!* to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly?—He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear,¹ and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
 I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves;² when we hold rumour³
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease,⁴ or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once.

[*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

¹ *All is the fear*] The fear is all that can have possessed him.

² *And do not know ourselves*] Without knowing it; not knowing ourselves to be such.

³ *When we hold rumour, &c.*] When we credit rumour on account of what we fear, and yet are not conscious of being what we fear we are accounted.

⁴ *Things at the worst, &c.*] The proverbial saying, 'Any change at the worst must be to the better,' is here alluded to.

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they¹ are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i'faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

¹ *They*] These snares.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talkest !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.¹
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly ;
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm,
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : Why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm ? What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst² find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain !

Mur. What, you egg ! *[Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery !

¹ *In your state, &c.]* I have thorough knowledge of your honourable rank. To be *perfect* often signified to have distinct and thorough knowledge, to be sure, assured, or certain. So, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1, 'I am perfect that the Pannonians and Dalmatians are now in arms.'

² *Mayst]* Should be *may*, according to strict grammar, but the verb is here attracted into the second person by the earnestness of address.

Son. He has killed me, mother !
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*
[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder ! and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*
Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal¹ sword; and, like good men,
Bestride² our downfallen birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable³ of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,⁴ I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

¹ *Mortal*] Deadly, death-inflicting.

² *Bestride*] Stand over and defend.

³ *Like syllable*] A corresponding expression.

⁴ *To friend*] For my friend, as my friend, favourable. The expression is frequently met with in old writings. Thus, in *Jul. Cæsar*, iii. 1, 'I know that we shall have him well to friend;' in *All's Well*, v. 3, 'Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend;' in Spenser's *F. Q.*, 'So forward on his way (with God to friend) he passed forth,' (I., i. 28). 'Until the hardy maid (with Love to friend) first entering' (III., iii. 14); in Sandys' *Ovid*, xiv., 'Both parts persist, both have their gods to friend.' Compare 'For fear lest he should have him to his enemy,' (Latimer's *Serm. before K. Edward*). 'A woman whom lord Brutus took to wife,' (*Jul. Cæsar*, ii. 1). 'Destiny, that hath to instrument this lower world,' (*Tempest*, iii. 3). 'And the rich East to boot,' (*Macbeth*, iv. 3).

Was once thought honest : you have loved him well ;
 He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but something
 You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom¹
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
 To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge.² But I shall crave your pardon ;
 That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :³
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.⁴

Macd.

I have lost my hopes

Mal. Perchance, even there where I did find my doubts.
 Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
 Without leave-taking ?—I pray you.
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Bleed, bleed, poor country !

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs,
 The title is affeered.⁵—Fare thee well, lord :

¹ *And wisdom*] The sense requires some such expression as 'tis or bids to be supplied. It should be observed that Malcolm's language in this part of the play was suggested to Shakspeare by what Holinshed says of Malcolm, 'doubting whether he [Macduff] were come as one that meant unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from Macbeth to betray him.'

² *In an imperial charge*] When invested with sovereignty.

³ *Transpose*] Alter, reverse.

⁴ *Still look so*] Always look like grace.

⁵ *The title is affeered*] The title 'great tyranny,' is allowed and

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think,¹ our country sinks beneath the yoke :
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;—
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands.—But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than I had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened,² black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless³ harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damned,
In evils to top Macbeth !

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,

established. To *affeer* is a legal term, meaning to confirm in the possession of.

¹ *I think*] I think on the fact that.

² *Opened*] Unfolded as leaves.

³ *Confineless*] Boundless. In *Othello*, iii. 3, we have 'Riches fineless.'

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent¹ impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. — Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;

¹ Continent] Chaste.

Scotland hath foisons¹ to fill up your will,
Of your mere² own : All these are portable,³
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none : The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, persévérance,⁴ mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. *Fit to govern !*

No, not to live !—O nation miserable !
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.⁵ Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

¹ *Foisons*] A word from the French, signifying abundance.

² *Mere*] Absolute.

³ *Portable*] Supportable, bearable.

⁴ *Perseverance*] This word was formerly accented on the second syllable.

⁵ *Died every day, &c.*] Lived a life of daily mortification. Compare 1 Cor. xv. 31, 'I die daily.'

Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains¹ had sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me²
From over-credulous haste : But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself.—What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point,³ was setting forth ;
Now we'll together : And the chance of goodness⁴

¹ *Trains*] Schemes.

² *Modest wisdom plucks me*] Cautious wisdom holds me back.

³ *Ready at a point*] Armed to point, fully equipped. The expression *a point*, sometimes written *appoint*, is from the French, and means exactly, completely. The word *ready* often signified *clothed*. See p. 44, note 4.

⁴ *The chance of goodness be*] The chance be of goodness ; may the issue be one of goodness. Staunton supposes that the words *be* and *like* should be joined as one word, and that *belike* means *favour*. We rather think that to *like*, or *belike*, in Shakspeare's time, usually

Be, like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay¹ of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil ;²—
A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere³ despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp⁴ about their necks,

signified to *please*. The commentators have in many instances mistaken the poet's meaning, through failing to observe his inversions of phraseology. See the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 52, note 1.

¹ *Convinces the great assay*] Conquers every experiment of the art of medicine. See p. 30, note 3.

² *The evil*] The scrofulous disease called the king's evil, because of the curative virtue ascribed to the touch of Edward the Confessor (who is the king here referred to) and his successors. Touching for the king's evil was practised to the greatest extent by Charles II.

³ *Mere*] Absolute.

⁴ *A golden stamp*] A coin touched by the sovereign, and therefore called a Royal Touch-piece, worn as a charm by strumous persons.

Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken.
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ;¹ but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now :—Good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers !

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country,—
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be called our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
 Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ;² the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce asked,—for who ? and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere³ they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
 Too nice,⁴ and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

¹ *My countryman*] He is my countryman, by his Scottish dress.

² *A modern ecstasy*] An ordinary excitement.

³ *Or ere*] Each of these words signified *before*. We sometimes find, in old writings, *or ever*. See, in Scripture, Dan. vi. 24.

⁴ *Too nice*] Too elegantly expressed.

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;¹
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;²
Which was to my belief witnessed³ the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff⁴ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,

¹ *That of an hour's age, &c.*] News only an hour old exposes the speaker to derision on account of its staleness.

² *That were out*] That were in arms, or in open hostility against Macbeth.

³ *To my belief witnessed*] Witnessed, or testified, to my belief; believed by me when reported.

⁴ *Doff*] *Doff* was originally *do off*, as *don* was *do on*. The original forms are often met with in early writers.

Where hearing should not latch¹ them.

Macd. What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee²-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry³ of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—
What man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !—
My wife killed too ?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

¹ *Latch*] Catch.

² *Fee*] Held in fee ; one's own private property.

³ *Quarry*] A heap of slaughtered game was called by foresters a quarry,—'I'd make a quarry with thousands of these quartered slaves.'—*Coriolanus*, i. 1.

Macd. He has no children.¹—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert ² to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.³

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue?—But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave⁴: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking,⁵ and the powers above
Put on ⁶ their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day! [*Exeunt.*

¹ *He has no children*] This is said on account of Malcolm's premature exhortation 'Be comforted,' &c. ² *Convert*] Be changed.

³ *Blunt not, &c.*] Blunt not your heart, by encouraging dull sorrow; enrage it, by encouraging fierce resentment.

⁴ *Our lack is nothing, &c.*] All that we now want is Edward's permission for us to set out with Siward.

⁵ *Ripe for shaking*] A metaphor from the practice of shaking a tree to bring down its ripe fruit.

⁶ *Put on*] Set on, incite, stir up.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you; but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has a light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two: why, then 'tis time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to! go to! you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what 's done cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed ! [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad ; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all !—Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—so, good night :
My mind she has mated,¹ and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward,² and the good Macduff.

¹ *Mated.*] Amated or confounded. So in the *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2, 'Not mad but mated.'

² *His uncle Siward*] Malcolm's mother was the sister of young Siward.

Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.¹

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough² youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts³ upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pestered⁴ senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

¹ *The mortified man*] Even a hermit or ascetic.

² *Unrough*] Unbearded.

³ *Minutely revolts*] Desertions every minute. Holinshed says Macbeth's subjects 'stole daily from him.'

⁴ *Pestered*] This word originally means crowded, obstructed. So, in Milton's *Comus*, 7, 'Confined and pestered in this pinfold here ;' and Sandys' *Ovid*, iv. 441, 'Nor are they pestered for want of room.'

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :
Meet we the medicine ¹ of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; ² let them fly all !
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus ;—
Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, ³ and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag ⁴ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

¹ *Medicine*] Physician. Fr. *médecin*. Malcolm is meant. So, in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3, Camillo is called, 'The medicine of our house.'

² *Reports*] That is, of the desertion of his officers and men.

³ *The mind I sway by*] The mind by which I govern the realm.

⁴ *Sag*] Flag ; droop.

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,¹
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—[*Exit Servant.*—Seyton!

—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep; mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey. It is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.—

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour:—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

¹ *Over-red thy fear*] Redden with the blood thy pale cheeks.

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?—
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed¹ bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water² of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,³ or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.⁴—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,

¹ *Stuffed*] This ought probably to be *foul* or *clogged*, as the word *stuff* ends the line.

² *Cast the water, &c.*] A metaphor from the practice of physicians. *Cast* here means analyse or examine for the purpose of ascertaining symptoms of disease.

³ *Senna*] This word is doubtful. It has been substituted by Shakspeare's editors for the unintelligible *cyme* of the original text.

⁴ *Bring it after me*] This is spoken to Seyton, respecting the armour which he had just been requested to pull off.

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all but the Doctor.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his
Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX,
Ross, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before it.

Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,¹
Both more and less² have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

¹ *Given*] *To be given* may mean *offered* as an inducement to desert Macbeth; but the word *given* is generally suspected. *Gone*, *got*, and *gained* have been proposed as corrections.

² *More and less*] This was a common expression for *greater and less*. It here refers to officers and men.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend¹ the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.²
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and
Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still *They come*. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced³ with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

¹ *Let our just censures, &c.*] Let our just judgments wait or be reserved for.

² *What we shall say, &c.*] What we shall be allowed to call our own, and what we actually possess.

³ *Forced*] Re-inforced; strengthened.

Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter Seyton.*]
Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time¹ for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,²
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.³ Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked towards Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;

¹ *A time*] That is, the time of old age, when death would be desired as a release.

² *Creeps in this petty pace, &c.*] What we call to-morrow, shifts onward from one day to the next.

³ *Dusty death*] Warburton would read *dusky*, which seems warranted by the previous verb *lighted*. In the Psalms, however (xxii. 15), we find the expression 'the dust of death.'

Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling¹ thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.²—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane !—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough ; your leafy screens throw
down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle :³ worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

¹ *Cling*] Shrivel.

² *Dost for me, &c.*] That is, hang me up.

³ *Battle*] Battalion.

Do we but find the tyrant's power¹ to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant! with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

: *Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face!

[*Power*] *Army.*

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
 Are hired to bear their staves; either thou,¹ Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
 By this great clatter one of greatest note
 Seems bruited.—Let me find him, Fortune!
 And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarums.]*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently rendered :²
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.³

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. Alarums.]

SCENE VIII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,⁴ and die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

¹ *Thou*] That is, must be encountered by me.

² *Rendered*] Surrendered.

³ *Beside us*] By our side.

⁴ *The Roman fool*] Cato of Utica, who died by his own hand; referred to by Brutus also in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1.

But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant¹ air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

¹ *Intrenchant*] Inseparable by cutting. Fr. *trancher*, to cut.

I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff !
And damned be him that first cries, *Hold, enough !*

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, LENOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off ; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
He only lived but till he was a man ;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : Behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free !
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,¹
 That speak my salutation in their minds ;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense² of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen.—
 Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

¹ *'Thy kingdom's pearl']* *Pearl* has here a plural or collective sense, and is intended to describe the thanes and other officers by whom Malcolm is now surrounded, as the most honourable men of the kingdom.

² *Spend a large expense]* An example of a verb governing a cognate noun. Compare *To sleep the sleep, die the death, dream a dream, &c.*

The harper's cursed head: the time is free!
I see thee accompanied with thy kingdom's pearl,
Thou speak'st my aspiration in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—

Hail, King of Scotland!

Mac. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—

As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snare of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,—

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else

That calls upon us by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[Flourish. Retreat.]

Thy kingdom's pearl] Thy has been a plural or collective
name, and is intended to describe the thanes and other officers by

whom Malcolm is now surrounded, as the most honourable men of
the kingdom.

* Spend a large expense] An example of a verb governing a
gerundive noun. Compare To sleep the sleep, the death, dream a
dream, &c.

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